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# SNOW ON THE GROUND

by

Alney Allbritten Norel

When Harvest's in . . . and Winter rolls around,  
Us young-uns are wishin' for snow on the ground.  
We've gathered our haze'nuts, hickernuts, goobers too;  
An' cat-claw corn, to munch on an' chew.  
They're all stashed away, in a closet by the stair,  
With a bright fire goin' . . . best draw up a chair.

It's story-tellin' time, our Granny loves to do.  
Out comes the popper! Fetch salt an' butter, too!  
We're ready now to listen, at tales of long-ago . . .  
Each word she says . . . we believe, is SO!  
She makes us laugh . . . an'en, we git real skeered.  
An' Ooooooh! Sometimes, we're almost afeared . . .

As sparks jump up the chimbley . . . flyin' high;  
An' Wind outside, gives a low-moanin' cry.  
"Fore mornin' . . . jest may BE . . . some snow on the  
ground!"  
Granny smiles. (She knows, jest by the sound.)  
Us little-uns get sleepy, bein' warm, an' happy too;  
So Granny ups and says: "Its bedtime, for you!"

Jest 'fore daylight, when roosters crow,  
I look out the winder . . . and Lawzeeee! SNOW!  
The bushes an' the pathway, all drifted high,  
Sifted over, plumb to the door . . . most nigh!  
We hop outa bed, an' snow's still a-mizzlin',  
An' we smell coffee bilin', an' pink ham a-sizzlin'!

We're so excited, kin hardly eat our meal . . .  
Laughin' all together . . . we jabber an' squeal!  
Breakfast dishes washed, an' chores all done,  
This Special Day . . . for us, has jest begun!  
We're hustled in our coats, our caps an' toques,  
For we're goin' for a visit, with our Folks.  
'Specially since . . . there's SNOW on the ground!

On Runne's . . . there's our wagon-bed, with fresh, sweet hay,  
We yell, an' leap an' scramble up. But no time to play,  
As Granny's box is gently handed in . . .  
(FIVE, big Mince pies!) amid a merry din.  
Gran'pa take the reins . . . "Giddyap!" . . . an' we're away . . .  
Headed for a Great Thanksgivin' Day!

Well, lookie yonder . . . down the road . . . whatta know?  
Waitin', big as bung . . . is ole Falco.  
He yelps an' barks . . . kickin' up a rusty. In he jumps . . .  
A-lickin' at our faces, like we wuz sugar-lumps!  
Never wuz a dawg like **him**. What a hound!  
    Why! he's glad as US . . . there's SNOW on the ground!

Our sleigh-bells, jingle-jangle-jingle, as we go.  
Flakes are a-swirlin'. Criminently! What a SNOW!  
Big, white hats . . . set on all the fence-posts.  
Saplins with outspread arms, look like ghosts!  
We shout and holler . . . in joyful glee;  
Jest ain't NOBODY . . . as happy as we!  
    'Specially since . . . there's SNOW on the ground!

Our horse trots along, at a right smart gait.  
Here we are! An' wavin' from the winder our Aunt Kate.  
We tumble out, an' run on in . . . our noses red;  
As we're welcomed by a beamin' Uncle Fred.  
"Howdy there! Come on in! See all your Cousins . . .  
There they are! Big an' little . . . dozens!

We hear a boomin' laugh, an' comin' up to greet us,  
To he'p us with our things . . . is jolly Uncle Cleetus.  
Granny's pie-box gits handed over.  
He sniffs 'way deep . . . (liftin' up the cover,)  
"Mmmmmm! MY! Nobody's Mince is as good as Annilee's,  
'Cause it's got more raisins than a dawg has fleas"  
    'Specially so . . . when there's SNOW on the ground!

I'm countin' noses: Eddie, Amos, Leland, Ted,  
Johnny, Lelissa, Audrey, an' Ned.  
(There's ols punkin-head Bowdine . . . face like a prune!)  
An' spindly, scrawny, pouty-lip June.  
Milo an' Billie, Dellamae, Uncle Ev;  
Aunt Clara, Sally Jane an' curly-top Bev.

Such laughin', shoutin', runnin' . . .  
Such tag an' play an' funnin'!  
Till Eddie's Pa hollers: "That's enough, you boys!  
Cut down on all that NOISE!"  
The call for dinner comes at last . . .  
Us young-uns git there first . . . an' FAST!

At a big long table, we each take a seat,  
As our eyes bug out . . . at what all's to eat!  
Baby, in his hi-chair, gurgles a bubbly tune,  
A-whackin' on his plate, with a little-bitty spoon.  
There's a brown crusty turkey . . . weighin' maybe thirty pound!  
Yes, Sireee Bob! An' . . . there's SNOW on the ground!

We fold our hands as the Blessing's said . . .  
Thankin' Our Lord, to be "breakin' bread."  
Uncle stands for carvin' . . . slicin' dark an' light;  
Jest to watch his knife, is sheer delight.  
Our plates come back . . . with ever'thing there IS . . .  
How good it smells, an' tastes . . . Geeeee Whizz!

We go back for seconds, an' eat fit to bust,  
Don't know why we do it . . . but seems like, we MUST!  
What Joy there is among us, as we're gathered there;  
We wouldn't trade places . . . with nobody . . . ANYWHERE!  
I'm glad I knew such Happiness, to make this Memory.  
I ask you now . . . what kids TODAY . . . can claim as much  
as We?

Even when . . . there's SNOW on the ground!

